

# The Pocahontas Times.

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MARLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 17, 1918

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## FROM SOLDIERS

Letter from Ralph Fikes, France, written September 12, 1918, and received October 9, 1918.

My dear Family and Mildred: I am a little pushed for time at present, and decided that I would write a letter to all and thereby save a little time and tell you more than I could otherwise. Today, September 12th, is Gus Englehardt's wedding anniversary, one long to be remembered.

I am in a position now to tell you some of what has been on my mind for the past three months. At 1 a. m. today the big drive for Metz opened up, and since that hour (it is now 3 p. m.) the artillery has been pounding old Fritz and his notorious Mt. Seck and the Boche prisoners are coming in by the thousands. The Yank are doing this job alone and at present we have captured Mt. Seck and advanced three miles beyond and don't even have a good start yet. I thought I was an old timer but after last night and today's observation I found out that I didn't have any idea of what real war was. Just try to imagine hundreds of planes flying above you, some not more than 300 feet high, dropping bombs, and firing machine guns, infantry in action and thousands upon thousands of those good old Yanks handling the guns with the cold steel on the end of them; engineers throwing over smoke and gas bombs; hundreds of tanks both large and small, and last but not least, artillery more than you can imagine, all seemingly firing at one time, and after you have that all digested, just multiply it by two, because old Fritz is doing his share of the same thing.

Last night needless to say, I didn't sleep. I took in all the fireworks and I hope never to see a more wonderful sight. The very heavens seemed to be lighted with electric lights and all along the front for miles and miles and we could see more plainly we can on a clear day.

That noise of guns can be compared to that of a very heavy thunderstorm and it isn't of five or ten minutes duration, but seemingly forever, as it has never let up since that first shot left the gun. Old Timers tell me

that at Chateau-Thierry it lasted for 72 hours straight, and I hope they keep it up for at least three weeks. A lieutenant just come in from the fracas and said that they were advancing at the rate of a kilometer an hour. The big guns are moving up and the roar of them is gradually dying out, but not so much as there are plenty of them not more than a stone's throw from where I am writing. The ground I am sitting on is quivering as though it were but paper.

We have worked hard in preparation for this drive and it is our job to supply this vast army of men and horses with water. The boys are working ten and fifteen hours, seven days a week and they all seem to be willing and anxious to do all that their bodies will stand.

We have met with some very unpleasant conditions, but have worked ourselves out of every hole, and there is a lot of satisfaction in knowing that the success of this push depends a lot on our individual work. It is my job to feed the boys and when they come in at night from a hard day's work usually wet to the skin, they are a hungry bunch and I have a big job on my hands to give them all they want to eat. 300 sandwiches must be made every morning before 7 a. m. besides getting breakfast for 200 men, is no small job. The result is that the kitchen force is up late at night and early in the morning.

I volunteered twice to go out on night details after working all day but it is most too much for me. With the movement of the troops, guns, ammunition, food, water and numerous other things, you can imagine how badly congested the roads are; and all this movement must be done at night without lights. To know that so far we have been so successful is a great victory for me and I have the utmost confidence in my comrades and feel sure that before this drive is over old Fritz and his followers will wish that Unk Sam and his Yanks were in it.

It has been raining off and on all day just enough to keep the boys wet with mud, but some how or other when a fellow is dirty and muddy he has a feeling of "I don't care," and that's the way the Yanks are feeling right now. Over the top and give them h—l, heaven or Hoboken before

Christmas.

I never felt better in my life and I have one eye pointing toward the Liberty Statue and the other on the grand and glorious days in the future in God's country, the good old U. S. A. Lovingly, Ralph.

Extract from a letter of Private D. C. Adkison, Battery B, 313 F. A. Somewhere in France, to friend of THE TIMES.

I don't know how to begin to write to you the things I would like to for I would never be able to tell you all in two letters the size this one is going to be. But first of all I don't think you would ever want but one trip across the Atlantic. It is a long tiresome voyage and I was sick with the rest of the boys, though we had the best of weather with no dangerous experiences.

Everything in this country is altogether different from what I expected to find and in many instances I have been surprised. The scenery is simply grand. There are no large mountains like in West Virginia, but slight elevations that enables one to see a long distance over the beautiful landscapes, all of which is a continuation pleasing to the eye sight. There are places where one can see for miles and miles in any direction and as far as can be seen the country is dotted with homes with numerous windmills on the highest elevations.

All buildings both in the country and cities are constructed of cement or stone. I have not seen a single frame building anywhere and have been through one of the largest cities. The Cathedrals are wonderful structures and prove that the French long ago became master mechanics so far as stone work goes. Many of the Cathedrals are very old, some of them dating back as far as A. D. 800. I was through one in the city that was so old that it smelled musty inside.

The people are very friendly and show plainly their appreciation of our being here. We are greatly handicapped in that we are unable to talk freely with them, but some of them are picking up English rapidly and many of the U. S. soldiers can already speak a little French. The effects of the war are noticeable

everywhere, yet not to the extent one would imagine after so long a siege of it. Of course, as we would naturally suppose, many women are wearing mourning, but they go about as tho there was nothing serious going on. Isn't it strange how people can become hardened to such a thing and after so long show no emotional signs of its horrors? Everybody is at some kind of work principally in agricultural pursuits. Women folk take their place in the fields and do a man's work with apparently as much speed and skill. If you could have seen the beautiful fields of grain they harvested this year you would know that they are at least capable of self support. I never expect to see a better harvest.

I have seen thousands of German prisoners, and to see one is to guess at them all. They have a strong physique, and nearly all look alike to me. They range in age from mere boys to middle aged men.

Since I started this letter I have received a letter from Lura stating that a Hill boy from Greenbrier, Ross Hufford from Denmar, and Judge Williams' son have been killed in action over here. This brings the thing right close to our homes, but people will learn to expect such things before it ends.

Do you know Charlie Clendennen? Well, he knows you and sends his regards. The way he came to know that I heard from you he got your letter when it was called off for me and saw your name on the back of it. I have known him for a long time, and think he is a fine boy. Guy Gillan is still in Battery B. and has learned to boil water-water without scorching it, being a cook by profession.

Wallace Matheny from Spring Creek came over the same time I did, but on a different boat. Don't you know I have never been able to see him yet and have made several efforts to find him.

After all this is not a very good letter and for this reason I am quitting. Please come again soon and I'll be as glad as before.

With oceans of good wishes, and promising you one of the Kaiser's teeth for a souvenir when I return.

October 13, 1918.

Editor Times:

I will try to give you a few items from Camp Mead. I came here the 27th of July, and this is a very good camp. Nearly all the West Virginia boys who came here with me have been transferred to other camps. I think it won't be long till we will be back home for the Huns are on the run, and it is the talk in camp that there will be peace by Xmas if not sooner.

The health of this camp is very bad at present. Several of the boys have died with the influenza, also a nurse at the hospital, but it is checked now.

I guess Jack Frost has already visited old Pocahontas. I have seen some frost here. The nights are cool and the days are warm. I would love to spend some of these lonesome Sundays with West Virginia friends; I could enjoy myself much better but we boys will come marching home in the near future.

I have seen a few wonderful things here but not as many as the boys see "over there."

We have received the sweaters that were furnished us by the Red Cross, and I wish to thank the Red Cross for the good work it is doing for the boys. What is given to the Red Cross is not lost, for no one knows the good they are doing till you are in the army. I advise every body that can to give to the Red Cross and get liberty bonds.

I hope these few lines will find space in your valuable paper, and anyone wishing to write to me can do so for letters from old West Virginia friends surely look good.

Private Clifton L. Hill,  
Co K, 72 Infantry,  
Camp Mead, Maryland.

September 1, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Will write you a few lines this afternoon. I am feeling fine; hope you all are well. We have been drilling nearly every day and have about completed the course here, so I guess we will go to the front soon.

How is everybody on Browns Creek? It is along time since I heard from anybody. It isn't time to hear yet. I wrote you on the boat, but they did not send it for some time afterwards. Has Auville joined the army yet? Suppose they have called more by this time. I don't think the war will last very much longer.

It is real cool here today, just about like October weather there. This is



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Again the Government comes to the people of the country with the request that they lend their money, and lend it upon a more liberal scale than ever before, in order that the great war for the rights of America and the liberation of the world may be prosecuted with ever-increasing vigor to a victorious conclusion. And it makes the appeal with the greatest confidence because it knows that every day it is becoming clearer and clearer to thinking men throughout the nation that the winning of the war is an essential investment. The money that is held back now will be of little use or value if the war is not won and the selfish masters of Germany are permitted to dictate what America may and may not. Men in America, besides, have from the first until now dedicated both their lives and their fortunes to the vindication and maintenance of the great principles and objects for which our Government was set up. They will not fail now to show the world for what their wealth was intended.

WOODROW WILSON.

This space is paid for by Simon Schuchat, not for the purpose of advertising his business, but to help win the war by selling Liberty Bonds—BUY BONDS.

## FOOD CONSERVATION

The week of October 28th will put the State Food Administration's organization to the supreme test. During that week we are asked to distribute the third Home Card and to see that each family is reached.

The card will carry what we hope will constitute the food program for the duration of the war—the accepted guide for home conservation.

For this campaign the following district chairmen have been selected: Edray—Miss Lucille McClintic Greenbank—B. B. Williams Hupsterville—Burt Johnson Levels—H. M. Harr

Any family failing to receive a card will be supplied by the County Food Administrator.

We are expecting the assistance of papers, storekeepers, lodges, clubs, churches, schools, commercial travelers, teachers, the colored people, four minute men, canvassers, and every one who has the good of his country at heart.

Mr. Hoover says that 17,550,000 tons of American food must go to the Allies this year—5,700,000 tons than last year—meats, fats, breadstuffs, sugar, feed grains. Assurances have been made that this food will be supplied. "If we are to accomplish this end in 1919 we will save a million American lives that will be expended if we have to continue to 1920. To give this final blow the allied armies and civil populations must have ample food to maintain their strength."

B. B. Williams,  
County Food Administrator.

Dr. E. R. Faval, who lives near where the new city of Nitro is located, has been coming to this county for many years in the hunting season. He arrived promptly for the opening last Monday the 15th, and left Marlinton shortly before noon. When he had gotten part of the way to his camp, it was found that he had been paralyzed and he was brought back to the station in time for the afternoon train home. Fortunately Dr. Faval's son was with him, and was able to look after his father's comfort. The Doctor is an elderly man and his condition is serious.

Married, Elmer D. Byrd and Mrs Rhoda Wilson, October 16, 1918, Rev. W. D. Keene, officiating.

A good farming country, but not very fertile; they raise more grapes and asparagus here than anything else. There are some fine forests here. They have lots of fruit trees, but I have only seen one or two apples in the whole country. Is there plenty of fruit there this year?

The towns are so funny looking here. I haven't seen a house that looks like it had been built in the last five hundred years—all built of stone or brick. You can't buy any ice cream or candy in any of the towns—no moving pictures or anything and I haven't seen but one or two cars except Uncle Sam's since I have been in France. Every body rides a wheel from grandma down, so I don't guess they need cars. Gasoline costs about a dollar and forty cents a gallon here.

I will have to close. Write to me often, and I will write when I can. From your brother,  
Private Mulvey P. Moore,  
M. G. Co. 162 U. S. Inf.  
A. P. O. 727, A. E. F. France.

## HILLSBORO

Word has been received that Mrs. McNeel and Mrs. Hill, of Washington, who spent the summer here with their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Beard, had arrived safe at home, having crossed the continent in the usual time and without any trouble.

A. C. Stillwell just completed a new, very neat and comfortable eight room house on Main street into which Mr. Bartholomew and family moved at once, thus making room for Mr. and Mrs. Carl Beard who recently purchased the Holt property and are now in their own home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McNeel moved last week to their farm, (the Will Callison place) on Locust Creek, where they will make their future home.

Mr. Young, of Deepwater, was here last week to attend the burial of his niece Miss Thelma Young.

S. J. Payne of Charleston was a business visitor here last Thursday.

John LaRue who came home sick last week from Cass, is now able to be out on the street again.

Mrs. Nannie Beard, Mrs. J. K. Marshall, Mrs. Eugene Kennison are on the sick list—the latter suffering from pneumonia.

Mrs. Noel of Hinton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and who is here visiting her parents met with a painful accident last week. She is now convalescent.

Mr. Bransford, of Charleston spent the week end here with his family.

Jas. F. Darnell, a former citizen of our community, but now of Okolona, Miss., having moved to that country last March, was here last week on business, looking unusually well, and seemed well pleased with his present location. He went to Durbin to visit his daughter, Mrs. Clarence Goodsell.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Sydenstricker and daughter, Miss Polly, left the first of the week for Lewisburg where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. H. W. McNeel spent the week end in Marlinton with her sister Mrs. F. B. Hill.

Miss Anna Wallace is now at home from Maxwellton where her school, with others in the county closed on account of prevalence of "flu."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warn of Dunmore, spent the week end with the Misses Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Overholt's

home narrowly escaped destruction by fire last Sunday evening. The house is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McNulty's daughters and Miss Moreland, pupils and teacher in the High school, and in preparing dinner it is supposed that a spark from the chimney lodged in the shingle roof where it smoldered until discovered about half past five o'clock by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. J. F. Hill, who gave the fire alarm to which Mr. Harr, Mr. J. Howard Clark and other near neighbors responded at once, Mr. H. with a bucket of water going up into the attic, and Mr. C. with a long ladder going to the roof, they soon extinguished the flame which by this time had burst a hole through the roof, and, except for the quick work of gentlemen, the upper story would have been all afire in a few minutes. Mrs. Overholt is now here visiting her sisters Mrs. Sheets and Mrs. Warren.

Reports up to the present presage failure of the state to subscribe its quota to the liberty loan. The lagging caused by widespread illness and suspension of public meeting is accentuated by peace talk. Other states in this reserve district similarly suffering from epidemic are leading us. This is a crisis when strong men and women will come forward.

JOHN J. CORNWELL, Governor.

Paris D. Yeager, of the C. & O. Railway secret service reporting at the Clifton Forge office attached to his department, have all signed up for a government bond. This places this branch of the railway service in the 100 per cent class insofar as it pertains to these twenty men. It is hoped their good example will be followed by others.—Clifton Forge review.

We wish to make public acknowledgment of the many kindnesses we have received at the hands of our friends since the death and burial of our son, Private Earl Gilmore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilmore.

Advertised Letters, Marlinton, October 17—Miss Myrtle V. Wright, John Walk, Lacy Perry, Lin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dock Richardson, Miss Katie Ray, Miss Lennie Phillips, Adam Mathews, Miss Pearl Harper.

An Italian man and a little Italian child died here Tuesday night.

## DOLLARS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

It's all mighty nice to "hurrah for America" and "talk patriotism" and "offer sympathy for our soldiers fighting in France," but it takes DOLLARS—REAL DOLLARS—to win this fight to an honorable finish.

## Have you done Your Part to Raise the Fourth Liberty Loan?

Until you have invested every dollar possible and pledged every cent you can spare out of future earnings you cannot say you have done your utmost.

### WORK - SAVE - BUY FOURTH LIBERTY BONDS

This bank is ready to assist you to purchase all you possibly can for cash or on Partial Payment Plan.

Don't Delay - Buy Today - Either Way

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

## This Agency

feels compelled, from a sense of duty to its policy holders, to call attention to the increased cost of replacing property destroyed by fire, whether real or personal.

Have you considered that it will perhaps cost from 25 to 50 percent, more to replace your building, furniture and other property, and if so, have you taken out a sufficient amount of additional insurance to protect this increased value? Many of our policy holders, have done so, but if you have not given the matter consideration, you will undoubtedly be glad to have it called to your attention.

HUNTER & ECHOLS INSURANCE AGENCY INC.  
F. M. SYDNOR, MANAGER  
Marlinton, West Virginia.